

The Agawan Mirror



1630

Tercentenary
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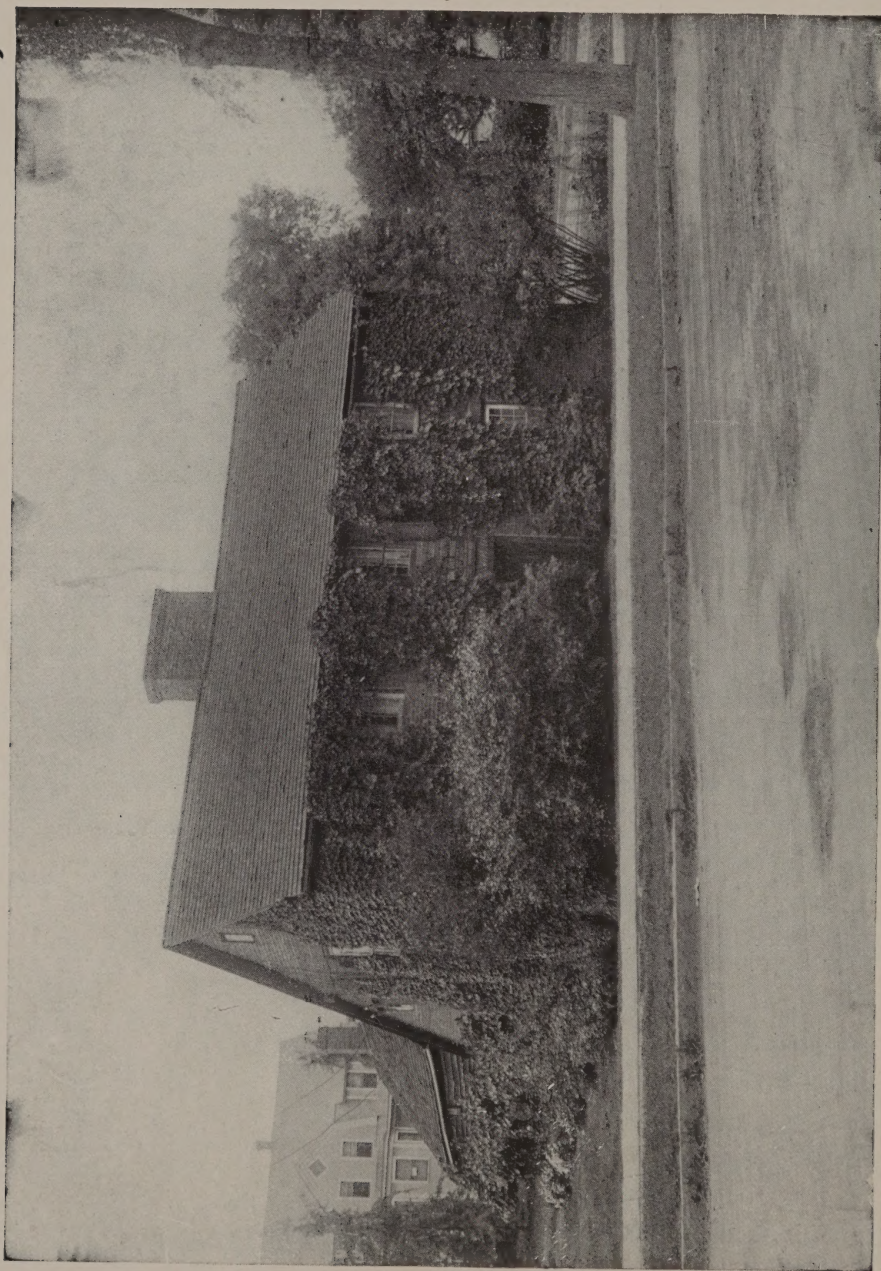
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CONTENTS



	Page
The Old Bay State.....	<i>Sylvia Hunter</i> 5
Pioneers All.....	<i>Corada Tinti</i> 6
Anne, the Pioneer.....	<i>Vera Brown</i> 7
An Afternoon with Old Books.....	<i>Mae Davis</i> 10
A New England Village.....	<i>Frances Pedulla</i> 12
A Village Church.....	<i>Pearl Bean</i> 13
A Lay of Modern Salem.....	<i>Bion Wheeler</i> 14
The Old Day House.....	<i>Grace Merrill</i> 15
Historical Pilgrimages.....	<i>M. Rohan</i> 17
Yesterday and Today.....	<i>Raymond Geoffrion</i> 18
Things New Fashioned.....	<i>Sylvia Hunter</i> 20
The Lighthouse.....	<i>Verda Fitzgerald</i> 20
The Old Patch Quilt.....	<i>Marguerite Naugle</i> 20
Seedlings (Junior High School).....	21
The Basketball Season.....	<i>W. Mabb, F. Costa</i> 22
Alumni.....	23
Exchanges.....	24
Spice Box.....	25
Test for Intelligentsia.....	26
The Old Bay Road.....	27



THE OLD DAY HOUSE.
Built in 1754 (See page 15)

The Old Bay State

1630--1930

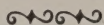
By SYLVIA HUNTER

*The Old Bay State with virtuous pride
Bequeaths to this great nation
A Heritage neither time nor tide
Hath moved from its foundation.*

*'Twas first conceived and sanctified
By Puritans, contending
The right and might of everyman
To worship God, defending
A mighty Faith that knew no bounds,
But faced great perils bravely.
They sought a land of common ground
And finding it, bent gravely
To found a government profound,
And laws, that bound it firmly;
That these might be, the country round
Kept, and enforced full sternly.*

*Through all these years the Old Bay State
Upheld by Puritan austerity,
Holds high its head, and keeps its faith;
The pride of its Posterity.*

Editorial



Pioneers All

WITH the coming of 1930 comes a state-wide celebration of a great historical event — the three hundredth anniversary of Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Many of our 1930 guests will be the descendants of the pioneers who came between 1620 and 1630, resolved to live in agreement with their ideals. There are still in Massachusetts many who claim these pioneers as ancestors. One-third of the faculty of our Senior High School can trace family lines to Pilgrim or to Puritan ancestors. One member is a descendant of a Puritan who came with Endicott in 1628 and is also a descendant of one of the settlers of Agawam, four years later called Springfield. In our senior class there are three members who know they have pioneer ancestors. One is a descendant of Cotton Mather! These pioneer descendants are naturally intensely interested in the coming celebration for they feel that their families have helped in the making of Massachusetts.

Does this mean then that the greater number of us in the school — natives of foreign lands, or sons and daughters of foreign-born parents, are excluded from interest in the Massachusetts tercentenary?

Each of the great nations of Europe has much in its history of which it is rightfully proud. These qualities its children contribute to an adopted country.

This thought is of special significance in a school where the registers of every room show a large percentage of names not Anglo-Saxon. Our senior class serves as an example. Two class members were born in other lands — Italy and Poland. The record shows great variety in descent — Scotch, Irish, German, Indian, French, Syrian, Swedish, Dutch, Austrian.

Noah Webster gives as his definition of pioneer — "One who goes before, preparing the way for others." How far then is each member in our school from pioneer ancestry; and furthermore, are we not all ourselves in one sense pioneers?

In the hope of making Massachusetts a better state for himself and for those to follow him, each one of us must think of ourselves as a pioneer.

Coranda Tinti

Anne, The Pioneer

By VERA BROWN

THE flames in the fire-place leaped up brightly that April evening in Roxbury in the year 1636, as Anne Mitchell seated herself on a low stool, near it, lost in deep thought.

Just two years ago, the little town of Roxbury had received permission from the General Assembly of the colonies to send pioneers westward in search of a good location for a new settlement. The people of Roxbury needed a new colony, for the town was becoming very crowded, and the soil was being rapidly depleted. Other towns were also beginning to need a new settlement for they too were overcrowded. As a result of these conditions, at a meeting of the citizens of Roxbury, two young men, John Cable and John Woodstock had volunteered to explore the western country, promising to return when they had found a desirable place for a new home.

It was of John Cable that Anne was thinking. She cared for him very much and her father had given them permission to be married when he returned to Roxbury. But two years had gone by, and he had not returned! Of late Anne had become more and more anxious, for she had within her a frightful horror of the wilderness. Indians, dark forests, huge trees—the vast stretches—they frightened her. She was really too timid for a Puritan maid.

"Why," she was thinking, "two years is a long, long time for John to be gone. Anything may have happened to him." She sighed as she clasped her hands and stared sadly into the dancing flames.

Her father, standing in the doorway watching his older daughter, did not fail to notice that sigh.

"Ah, daughter," he said, walking towards her and seating himself on a bench near her, "I can imagine of what you are thinking. It is of John Cable is it not?"

"Yes, father," she replied, "I do wish he would return. He has been gone so long. The Indians, or the dense forest—"

"No, Anne, do not think of them. They are only a part of this beautiful country, so dear to us," he answered quickly.

But Anne continued to stare into the fire, and her father watched her sadly. She really disliked this new country. Poor girl. But why? He pondered on this question until the excited voice of Mary, the younger daughter, came to him, as she came running up the rough walk.

"Oh, father," she said, appearing in the doorway, "Mr. Andrews just told me that just before twilight came he happened to look up at that distant hill. On the ridge he said he thought he saw two forms of men with their burros heavily laden, walking rapidly this way. Father, maybe they are Cable and Woodstock returning."

Mr. Mitchell, and Anne went quickly to the door where they peered through the fast falling darkness of the spring night. Mrs. Mitchell, who had been seated quietly at the far end of the room knitting, now lay down her work and joined the group. But no one could be seen on that hill for the night had fallen too quickly.

Mr. Mitchell returned to his fire-side seat and his family followed him. No one spoke for a few moments for each was concerned with his own thoughts. Mingled emotions were revealed by the light playing on the faces of that Puritan family. As the mother with hands in her lap, watched her husband,

an understanding, determined expression broke over her face, but when she turned her eyes to her older daughter Anne, her eyes clouded and her face seemed almost sad. She knew what was in Anne's mind—she didn't want to go west!

Anne was thinking these very thoughts and a slight frown showed itself between her usually pretty eyes. Was it possible that her father could ever imagine that she—Anne—would ever consent to journey farther into the wilderness? No, of course not but his face—her father's face, showed an overwhelming desire to travel on. Mary, as she sat on a stool at her father's feet, looked up into his face, her eyes sparkling, her face smiling, happy. Why should she not be happy? Mary loved adventure—anything new.

Finally the father broke the silence, his face glowing with enthusiasm and his words were unusually rapid and excited.

"My family," he said, "I feel that Mr. Andrews may have seen Cable and Woodstock. It has been two years since we saw them and surely they will come back this spring, for they realize that we must find our new home and plant our seeds for a harvest before winter."

"But father," Anne exclaimed, "You are not going to leave Roxbury are you? Why, we can not go any farther into this wilderness. Think of the hardships—the cold—the suffering of hard winters in a new village. Oh! we could never survive a winter away from here!"

There was real anxiety in her voice for the dreaded realization had come! Mr. Mitchell did, indeed, want to penetrate farther into the forests. He answered his daughter calmly.

"Yes, Anne. We are going to push onward with the rest of our people."

"But, father," the daughter exclaimed, "there are plenty of people in Roxbury, Dorchester, and Boston that want to leave their homes. We do not have to go!"

"Daughter, we must go. Destiny meant it for us—everyone—to give our lives to our cause. We came over the sea from a land of intolerance, to build for ourselves a country which will some day be the outcome of our ideals."

"I loved our old England," Anne stopped, surprised at her own boldness. Never had she spoken to her father like this.

"I had rather be in England now than to have to be forced to go any farther."

"Anne, you were too much a child when we left Dorchester to know about the real problems with which we were confronted," her father reminded her.

The suddenly obstinate daughter was about to reply, but a sharp rap at the door silenced her. Mr. Mitchell went slowly to open the door.

"Ah, welcome!" he exclaimed, for he was standing face to face with Cable and Woodstock.

After the first greetings were over and the tired, but triumphant explorers had been warmed and given food, they told their story.

They had traveled westward many miles in the dense forests. Without knowing their direction except by the stars at night they marked trees as they went along so as to be able to find their way back. After eight months of this hard traveling through dense underbrush they had come upon a wide, quiet river—Quinn-teticut—the Indians called it. Oh! yes, the Indians were very friendly and even offered them food and small ornaments. The land was very fertile and well adapted to raising the Colonial products. That beautiful river was navigable and in the spring it always flooded its banks, leaving more rich earth. In all a very good location for a new home.

"Look," Cable cried, "see what we brought with us to show you."

With that he reached into the sack which they had brought back with them. Rich, heavy soil he handed to Mr. Mitchell whose eyes shone brightly as he sifted the loam through his fingers.

"And these grains grow abundantly on soil like that," Woodstock added as he showed the astonished Mr. Mitchell fat heads of oats and hemp which had thick golden tassels. There were in the bag, too, Indian ornaments—tiny woven baskets, small strings of beads and several beautiful beaded bracelets. There were also strips of wood taken from different species of trees.

"Some of the trees that those came from," added Mr. Woodstock, "were two hundred feet high and five feet across. There are many such trees in the dense forests that grow close to the water's edge."

Both the listeners and the explorers were glowing with enthusiasm, that is, all but Anne.

"Why," she thought, "he wants to go back there to live. Am I going to lose him forever? I can not go there." Hope whispered, "He will not leave me here alone!" Anxiety prompted, "He does not think of me at all tonight. All his thoughts are for this wilderness."

John really did seem to be acting this way. So much elated with his adventure he had forgotten everything else. After hurried good-nights to the women, the two men, accompanied by Mr. Mitchell, hurried out into the darkness to give instructions to the other villagers who, too, were very anxious to learn of the new country.

Anne tried to dismiss her anxious thoughts but she was haunted in her sleep by visions of her family and neighbors making their way through a black forest with painted Indians shooting arrows from behind huge trees.

The morning after the explorers had been welcomed, there was much excitement in Roxbury. The pioneers were anxious to leave for the "Quinnteticut" to build new homes and were planning to start on their journey the very next morning.

Everything was hustle and bustle until ten o'clock when almost everyone in Roxbury proceeded solemnly to the church, for this was to be the last service with all the old citizens of Roxbury together.

Anne listened through it all, but morbidly. The enthusiastic message of the Elder to the departing people, the illuminated faces, the fervent "Amens"—all made her realize that her own people were really living lives of pioneers who cannot rest in one place when there is something further to seek. And yet no desire came to Anne to travel westward with them.

The services were over at last and after she had stopped to greet several of her neighbors, she made her way to her father and John who were standing outside the church talking very seriously. They did not notice her until she was very close.

"Ah, yes," she heard Cable saying to her father, "that would be the best thing to do." With that Mr. Mitchell turned, and walked toward his wife who was waiting for him, and Cable turned toward Anne.

"John," Anne asked, "What would be the best thing to do?"

"Never mind that now. And besides you should not have been listening," he reprimanded gently.

"But," he added, "I have something very good to tell you Anne. Your father just told me that he would like to see us married before we leave Roxbury. That means we must have a simple ceremony this very afternoon for I must leave very early tomorrow morning to join our neighbors from Dorchester who are to journey with us. You can go with your own people and I will meet you at the spot designated. Then Anne, you and I will travel on and build our first home on the banks of that beautiful river.—Why Anne," he exclaimed, "What is it?" For Anne had turned to him very angrily, her face filled with wrath, her hands clenched nervously, at her side.

"John Cable, you take too much for granted! Did you ever think that I would go into another wilderness?" she demanded.

"Why, yes, Anne. Your people are going and I am going. Furthermore you have no reason for not going. Why, you want to help build a new home do you not?" the astonished Cable answered.

"No," she retorted, "You know perfectly well that I will never go any farther into the wilderness. You may go if you like but I shall never, never consent to leave my home to go into a forest.

"Anne, does that mean that we may never be married? Why, my dear, you cannot mean what you say. You want to—"

"I want to stay right where I am," the girl interrupted. "Why, I had rather be in England than to have to travel through frightful forests. In fact I think I shall go back. Then, I may never even have to hear about this horrible wilderness again."

"Why, Anne, be serious. You do not mean what you have said!" he implored. "I must go with my people farther on, but I must have you with me. Of course you are going with us—your family, your friends, and me." He tried to say it brightly, but her face disturbed him.

"John Cable," the daughter of England answered nervously, "for the last last time I tell you that I will not go with the rest. If you do not care enough for me to stay here in Roxbury with me, you may go West and I will go East!"

"But Anne—"

"You need not go any farther with me. I shall sail on the next boat for my old home. We had better say goodbye now." And with that she lifted her head haughtily and

(Continued on page 31)



An Afternoon With Old Books

By MAE DAVIS

IF all books written since 1765 were to be destroyed, would we read any of the books written before that date?

At the present time, thousands of new books are published every year. A large percentage of these books are novels. Most of the earliest books are diaries, histories and descriptions.

What are the books, written in the colonial period, like? To give my impression of them, I shall have to imagine that I am in an old library and that I have before me a collection of books written then.

Samuel Sewall's Diary will receive my inspection first. It gives a very interesting account of the mode of life between 1675 and 1730. The difficulty of travelling, the large amount of time spent in prayer, the simplicity of life, and the strange ideas of superstition impress me. On the other hand, many passages are humorous. "Dec. 14, 1676, Seth Shove was brought to our House to dwell, i. e. Father Hull's. N. B. In the evening, seeing a shagged dogg in the Kitchen, I spake to John Alcock, 'I am afraid we shall be troubled with the ugly dogg.' Whereupon John asked which way he went, I said, 'out at the Street door.' He presently went out that way, and meeting Seth (who went out a little before) took him for the dogg, and smote him so hard upon the bare heda with a pipe staff, or something like it, that it grieved me that he had strook the dogg so hard.—'Twas God's mercy the

stick and manner of the blow was not such as to have spilled his Brains on the Ground. The Devil (I think) seemed to be angry at the child's coming to dwell here. Written Dec. 18, '76."

Michael Wigglesworth, the most popular of early New England Poets wrote a very strange poem called "The Day of Doom." Part of it features a plea of the Reprobate Infants to the Lord to be free from Adam's Sin.

One stanza of "Dooming the Reprobate Infants," in which the "he" refers to Adam, reads:

"Not we, but he ate of the tree, whose fruit was interdicted;

Yet on us all of his sad fall the punishment's inflicted.

How could we sin that had not been, or how is his sin ours,

Without consent, which to prevent we never had the pow'r?"

Part of His answer is:

"Would you have griev'd to have receiv'd through Adam so much good,

As had been yours for evermore, if he at first had stood?"

"An Account of Two Voyages to New England" was written by John Josselyn, an English traveller. It contains descriptions of strange insects and animals. This is a passage from his experiences:

"One Mr. Mittin related of a triton or merman which he saw in Casco Bay. This gentleman was a great fowler, and used to

go out with a small boat or canoe, and fetching a compass about a small island (there being many small islands in the bay), for the advantage of a shot, was encountered with a triton, who laying his hands upon the side of the canoe, had one of them chopt off with a hatchet by Mr. Mittin, which was in all respects like the hand of a man."

Perhaps from books such as these, Goldsmith got some of his ideas which he expressed in "The Deserted Village."

Probably you'll remember seeing, in Franklin's Autobiography, the name of Peter Folger. He was a New England poet. One of his poems, "A denunciation of War," links up very closely with the peaceful spirit of the great men of today.

Although I am looking for early books of colonial New England, I am tempted to read some of "A Brief Description of New York," by Daniel Denton. The next time you are on Long Island or on Staten Island, think of these following passages and make fitting comparisons with our own day.

"Upon the south side of Long Island in the winter lie stores of whales and crampasses, which the inhabitants begin with small boats to make a trade, catching to their no small benefit. Also an innumerable multitude of seals, which make an excellent oil. They lie all the winter upon some broken marshes and beaches, or bars of sand and might be easily got where there some skilful men would undertake it—."

"Within two leagues of New York lieth Staten Island. It bears from New York west something southerly. It is about twenty miles long, and four or five broad. It is most of it very good land, full of timber, and produceth all such commodities as Long Island doth, besides tin and store of iron ore; and the calamine stone is said likewise to be found there. There is but one town upon it, consisting of English and French.

Cotton Mather's name flashes upon one's mind when the subject of witchcraft is brought up. In "The Wonders of the Invisible World," he gives some facts well worth the attention of all who are interested in spirits and witchcraft. He tells of his experience in Witch Trials.

"Before the trial of a prisoner several of her own children had frankly and fully con-

fessed, not only that they were witches themselves, but that this their mother had made them so."

Some accounts and stories about witchcraft and superstition are very amusing, yet we find most of them sorrowful tales. In "Cases of Conscience Concerning Evil Spirits," written by Increase Mather, father of Cotton Mather, there is a very sad story about a young woman who swears that her mother had carried her to the nocturnal meetings of witches. The result was that the innocent woman was burned to death. Soon after the daughter came crying to the judges declaring that the confession was false and that she just wanted revenge on her mother for an offense received. She was also executed for accusing her mother of a crime which she wasn't guilty of.

Here's a book that, judging by its name, should be interesting—"The Simple Coblery of Agawam," written by Nathaniel Ward. How peculiar the words look! It's because the "s" in the body of a word is like an unfinished "f". Almost every word ends in "e"—bee, arme, deepe instead of be, arm, deep. I discover, too, that the cobbler really belongs to Ipswich which was originally called Agawam—So it's not our Agawam after all! Some parts of the book seem quite modern except for the spelling of words. Such thoughts as these deserve attention:

"It is a more common than convenient saying that nine tailors make a man; it were well if nineteen could make a woman to her mind."

"The world is full of care, much like unto a bubble.

Women and care, and care and women, and women and care and trouble."

The book is mostly religion. This is the second stanza of a poem in it:

"No King can King it right
Nor rightly sway his Rod
Who truly loves not Christ
And truly fears not God."

I have enjoyed these books although I would rather have read some of our modern books. I am sure that you would find it worth while to look over some of those books and although you would probably prefer a book written in this century, you would not want to have any of those old books destroyed.

A New England Village

By FRANCES PEDULLA

THE American Home Makers, Inc., of Boston, have begun an interesting project at the Eastern States Exposition Grounds. For the purpose of giving the people of today interesting and helpful knowledge of colonial life, they are constructing a New England village. The village now consists of three dwelling houses, a little white church, and a law office.

I had often longed to visit the village but only lately did I have the opportunity. One dull December day I went to the Exposition Grounds to explore it. The road through it is no wider than a driveway and has a lamp post before each building. The narrow stone walks, with stone steps leading up to the houses, impress one used to the modern concrete. The houses are colonial in type—long, low buildings. The piazzas are small and have benches at each side of the doorways. The little white church at the end of the road seems to stand apart from the rest of the village.

As I walked slowly along the road, I noticed one house, having a large double door with a very large thumb-latch. Not being able to resist the temptation, I went up to the door and lifted the latch. To my surprise a woman, whom I realized must be the caretaker, came to the door and after I had explained my interest, she offered to take me about and give me any information she could.

The house I had entered is the Potter House which stood in the town of Brookfield until its removal to the Exposition Grounds. It was built by Captain Potter himself, with the exception of what was done in a few days by hired plasterers. Captain Potter was a paymaster during the Revo-

lutionary War and rose to the rank of Captain. He served with Washington at White Plains and endured the sufferings of the army that memorable winter at Valley Forge. He was also a master of seven trades and the inventor of many curious machines. He made all the nails, hinges, latches, and other fastenings for his house, and cut all the carving and ornamentation.

An interesting feature about the building of the house is that it was erected over another house—the house in which he originally lived. The old house was gradually torn down as the new structure progressed, but there is still one room of the original building. It is a large room which was used as a summer kitchen. The wood in this room is very old and from the inside of the house, it can easily be distinguished from the other rooms.

At the time the present structure was built, there was no public hall in the precinct, and Captain Potter, being a public-spirited man, built a large hall in his home to be used for dancing and public gatherings. Although the dance hall looks out of place in the colonial home, it is the most beautiful and interesting room. It occupies nearly one entire side of the second floor. The ceiling is arched and is profusely ornamented with block work. It has fluted doors, window casings, and window seats. A fireplace occupies a large portion of one wall.

The bedrooms are nearly all alike. Each has a small four-poster wooden bed and a small desk with a mirror above it. These rooms do not give one the feeling of ever having been used. There is the feeling it is just for exhibition.

The house has been occupied by five gen-

erations of Potters, and it passed out of their hands in 1920.

The little white church, which is about a century old, was brought here from a town in New Hampshire. While the little church stood there it had no steeple because of its location on a hill, so one was built after its removal to its present situation. Like most of the steeples used on the early New England churches, this one is modeled after the Christopher Wren steeple on the Bow Church in London.

On entering the church one is impressed by its simplicity. The long pews are of wood and each one has a swinging door

guarding the entrance. The pulpit is very high, with small circular stairs leading up to it. In one corner is a small organ. The windows have small panes of glass.

The construction of the village has just begun. There are more buildings to be brought, including a barn, and a store. In the barn there will be a collection of hand made farm implements used in the early days of New England.

If a person of today finds the village interesting, what will be the opinion of people fifty years from now when it will be much harder to find out about colonial villages and colonial life?

THE VILLAGE CHURCH

Oh, give me back my village church,
As it stood on the little green knoll,
Beaming so pure, and as white as a birch
Against autumn's burnished gold;
Where what the preachers said was heard,
Where the people were intent,
And as he pounded out each word
All minds were heavenward bent.

Yea, give me back that little church
Where through the open door
The tall, quivering, stately birch
Cast her shadow o'er the floor,
Where the people sang with joy and love,
Where they prayed with heart and soul,
To Him who dwells in that sphere of love
Of which we have been told.

Ah, give me back that dear old church
Where the Heavenly Father reigned,
Where there was no place for evil to lurk
And only good sustained;
Where all were seated just alike—
There were no rented pews—
No matter if you were of the rascal type
Or editor of the Village News.

Oh, give to me that tiny church
Instead of the one in its place,
For this can only show man's work
While the other showed God's grace.
In the old church no sin ever grew
'Twas filled with wealth untold,
And though it wasn't bright and new
'Twas worth its weight in gold.

Pearl Bean

A Lay of Modern Salem

By BION WHEELER

I

The Governor of Massachusetts
Before nine notaries swore
That the quaint town of Salem
Should its posterity view once more.
To these notaries he swore it,
And named a visiting day,
And sent this proclamation forth
East, and west, and south, and north,
To announce his say.

II

East, and west, and south, and north,
His decree is broadcast;
And mansion, town, and cottage
Have heard the radio's blast.
Shame on the slack descendant
Who turns this offer down,
When the Puritans of Salem
Return to their mother town.

III

But by the green Atlantic
The autos stood ten deep.
From all the surrounding terrain
The cops their vigil keep.
A mile around the city,
The cars stopped up the ways;
A fearful jam it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

IV

Now from every hostelry and inn,
Could the pale desk clerks spy
The beam of blazing headlights
White in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the city,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some message came
With tidings of dismay.

V

And nearer, fast and nearer,
Doth the bright whirlwind come;
And still louder roared,
From underneath that rolling cord,
Both the Rolls Royce and the Ford,
The chugging and the hum.

VI

Then out spake brave O'Riley,
The captain of police:
"From every city upon this earth
Cometh great grand-child and niece.
And if once within the town
These descendants place their feet,
There'll be no room to turn around
In the center of our Main Street.

VII

"E'en now outside the town,
With siren, whistle, and horn,
The right of entrance is sought
By those of Salem born.
And surely it may not be
That all this countless horde
Descends from the Salem tree,
Which now seeks bed and board?"

VIII

And so he spake and speaking sent
His good men long the ways
Who to each car a summons gave
To hail at court within three days
With proof to give without delay
Of their descent from Puritan bold.
And so with weeping and with laughter
Still is the legend told
How well O'Riley kept the town
In those sweet days of old.

The Old Day House

By GRACE MERRILL

THE old oaken bucket, the moss covered bucket," croons the voice in the radio, as I dreamily doze away in the big morris-chair. The song brings to mind an interesting visit to a quaint little house across the river called the Old Day House.

On a rather dark, gloomy, day I decided to inspect the old place to become acquainted with some of the things used by our ancestors.

West Springfield is divided into many smaller sections such as, Tatham, Riverdale, Mittineague, and Merrick, all having interesting histories. But earlier than these settlements comes the Day House, having been built in 1754 by Josiah Day and occupied by the Day family for almost one hundred and fifty years. This house is located on the old Broadway or what is now known as Park Street. It is near the old common where stood the first church, and first schoolhouse.

Local history tells us that Josiah Day, the son of Robert Day who came to America in 1734, bought the land in 1746 of Joseph Barnard of Hatfield, for the sum of 550 pounds.

The house remained in the possession of the family until 1902. It has lately been bought by the Ramapague Historical Society which is doing much towards the preservation of the building and its contents.

As I approached the house, and noticed a small old-fashioned knocker on the outside of the door, I decided to try it to see what would happen. A few moments later, there appeared a friendly little lady who immediately invited me into the small front hall.

She first took me into a room she called the west sitting room. Beside the door I had just entered, she pointed to an odd old chair which is supposed to be a family chair the Days reserved for Parson Lathrop to use

when he came to make his Sunday call. A large family Bible placed in the chair during the week, kept members of the family from using it. On the floor near the chair, are deep cuts said to have been made by Indians or other thieves who used their axes to cut up pork stolen from the family barrel which was always kept down cellar. Beyond the window, there is an old instrument that looked like a piano but my guide told me that it is a piano and an organ combined. The small, dainty corner closet which was built in the wall in the farther corner is characteristic of the closets built into many of the houses in that era, to save room and also to seal up corners so that the cold air could not enter through the crudely constructed corners. This closet is filled with pieces of beautiful old Georgian silverware and interesting old china, including a number of the famous toddy bowls used in those days. A number of strange looking lanterns that hang around the room can be artificially lighted so as to give their earlier day effect when in use.

Directly to the rear of this room, I passed into a small closet-like room which contains a six-legged piano said to be the first piano to be brought into Hampden County. This room also contains an old, cherry desk and an old, high-back chair. There are a few small pictures of interest hanging on the wall, including a beautiful old sampler done in linen.

As I entered the kitchen I felt the home-like atmosphere which had seemed sadly lacking in the other rooms. This room looks as if it might have truly been lived in a short while ago. I noticed that the door we passed through is very thick, as is the other door in the kitchen. I soon was told that this thickness was for protection against the Indian tomahawks. My guide also explained to me that they often covered these old doors with nails to make it harder for

the Indians to get in. A huge fireplace is surrounded by many utensils such as a queer, tin, oven-like structure, which my guide called a tin-kitchen. She explained that this oven was used to bake food over the fireplace. I noticed also, in the kitchen, a corn mortar, a wooden pestle, and a flail. On a large kitchen table there is an old sausage stuffer and a lard squeezer. On the way to the pantry I stopped to examine a hand loom standing near the door.

The pantry also looks as if it might have been used recently. Besides containing bits of interesting old china-ware, the pantry has a small trap door in the floor. The doorway into the kitchen is divided into two parts, the upper part being cut so that it could be opened while the lower part remained closed; in case a few Indians should drop in. The occupant could then easily escape through the trap door into a tunnel below the pantry.

In the next room there are some old sleigh bells, skates, a cobbler's bench, (each family had to be its own cobbler) an old Franklin stove, some flax ready to be spun, and, in the center of the room, there is a large kettle which is supposed to have been filled with stew at the time the Hessian soldiers camped on the common in front of the house. On a small hand-hewn desk, made by one of the family, lies a large account book covered with pigskin. This book contains some of the accounts of Josiah Day.

From this room we passed directly into the hall and up steep, narrow stairs into a fairly good sized bedroom. On the entrance door there are tomahawk marks, for it was from this room that one of the small Day

children would have been kidnapped by Indians, if it hadn't been for the child's cries. In the farther corner stands a high post-bed, resembling a princess bed, with a beautiful white, hand-made coverlet on it. This is the bed that George Washington is said to have slept on during his stay at the place. There is an old dresser and three old cradles in the room; one of the cradles is supposedly the old William Pynchon cradle. A small trunk-like affair on the floor, I soon learned is an old time money-trunk. This trunk is a small, oblong affair, so made as to be easily packed in the "boot" of a stage coach when one took a long journey. Our ancestors used also another type of trunk, one that had a rounded top. This type was used more as a "money-box" and was kept in the house to keep money and jewels.

The little candle in the upper hallway window adds a touch of romance to the old picture as it is said to have been placed there by one of the Day girls. The story runs that she expected her sailor lover and that she put the candle there. Another version is that it was placed there by the sailor's mother that it might be a beacon to guide him home.

The bedroom, across the hallway, contains a variety of interesting things from night caps to a beautiful old highboy. One interested in costumes of the long ago would wish to linger in the room, and the beautiful old quilts would be equally interesting to one who has made a study of old patterns.

People of this section should be grateful to the Ramapague Historical Society for preserving the house and its contents for future generations.



Historical Pilgrimages

By MAURICE ROHAN

IN the summer of 1930, historic Massachusetts will be thronged with sight-seeing tourists from every state in our Union. These tourists will come to see the pageants and other forms of public celebrations but they will also wish to see the interesting landmarks which have survived from the colonial days. But how many of these objects are well known to those of us who live near them?

When one has a few hours of leisure, a profitable way of spending this time will be to visit the interesting landmarks within a forty-mile radius of Springfield.

In West Springfield, the Old Day House which was built in 1754 as the residence of Major Benjamin Day has been converted into a museum to contain the relics collected by the Ramapague Historical Society. An especially interesting relic in this museum is a huge iron kettle used by captured Hessians while they were passing through the town. An inscription on a boulder of the beautiful green oppoiste the house commemorates their stay.

Springfield has a wealth of colonial relics. At Court Square is a statue of Miles Morgan who, although illiterate, was a man of prominence in the affairs of early Springfield. The statue was erected by a descendant of the fifth generation. Morgan came from Bristol, England, and on the way over met a certain Miss Gilbert who settled with her family at Beverly. Morgan, having wooed her by proxy, set out to marry her. He was accompanied by two neighbors and an Indian. On the return trip, the bride rode on the only horse in the possession of the party.

The Church opposite Court Square is the third church to be built on that spot. The present church built in 1819 is a beauti-

ful example of early American church architecture. The church steeple which is an example of the type designed by Sir Christopher Wren has on its summit a rooster for weathervane which was brought from England. One should remember on looking at it, that this is the second church whose steeple it has graced 165 years ago. The interior is interesting for there are little doors which open into each one of the pews. On State Street, adjacent to the Public Library is the idealized likeness of a Puritan. It is the statue by the great American sculptor, St. Gaudens and is a memorial to Deacon Chapin, a man who although of Huguenot extraction, was a characteristic Puritan. Near the top of the hill on State Street is situated the United States Arsenal and Armory which was established by the Continental Congress. George Washington selected its site. Washington inspected it on his eastern trip in 1789. Longfellow and his bride visited it on their honeymoon. Mrs. Longfellow remarked regarding the similarity of the tiers of arms to an organ, and with this remark as an inspiration, Longfellow composed the following lines:

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling
Like, a huge organ rise the burnished arms,
But from their pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villagers with strange alarms.

On Bay Street a small bronze tablet inconspicuously placed, bears witness that the nearby stretch of road was a part of the old Boston Post Road.

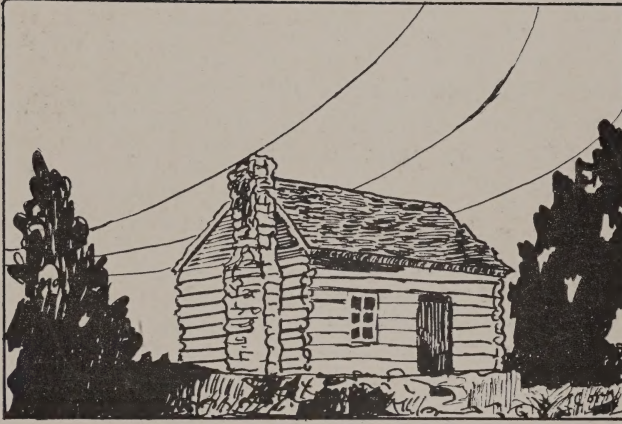
Unless one has time to go on to Brookfield, the scene of an Indian massacre, he will continue on this road to North Wilbraham and Palmer, both being of historical interest. But if the pilgrimage is too limited, it will be best to take the road to Hadley

(Continued on page 30)

Yesterday

By RAYMOND

Drawings By CATH



The Log School House

Let us imagine that a little log school house once stood on the land where our high school has been built.

Fancy school children of two hundred years ago starting off to school at seven o'clock on winter mornings to tramp several miles through the snow with their arithmetics and spellers under their arms. Later the boys and girls enter the log school building and take their places at rude seats without backs and at desks made of boards resting on pegs driven into the earthen floor. The schoolmaster opens the day with prayer and then the pupils begin their lessons of spelling or of reading from old books, or by writing their arithmetic lessons on birch bark. At eleven o'clock, the bell rings. Some of the children scamper off home not to return again until one o'clock. Others remain to eat their cold lunches brought from home. The afternoon session begins. An unruly pupil is brought up to the front of the room where he receives a flogging and a black bow is pinned upon the child. This means another whipping to be administered at home. At the close of day three or four boys

and girls are called up pleasantly to the schoolmaster's desk. For their good behavior and industrious attitude they are receiving a strawberry to be divided among them, and a pink or red ribbon tied to their shoulders to wear home to their proud parents.

From the little log school house to our own modern high school—what a transition!

Many of our pupils live several miles from the school but a motor bus stops at their door, or they can walk a short distance to a street car. These conveyances stop in front of the school and the pupils enter the large brick building and go to their home rooms. At nine o'clock an electric bell rings and the pupils march to the music of the orchestra to the assembly hall. This orchestra is made up of fifteen boys and girls.

One of the greatest changes from the little log school house to our present day school building is the manual training department. Here the boys with their wood-working learn to make the brain and hand co-ordinate. The boys have projects of their own and they are exhibited at the end

and Today

D GEOFFRION
HERINE MACCIO



Our Modern Building

of the year. With the new addition to the school a new department was added and the boys under the direction of Mr. Dacey, constructed the tool room and other useful means of keeping the tools and machinery in order.

RECENT ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

On November 8, 1929, Attorney-General Shea gave an excellent address on Armistice Day. It was delivered as only one who took part in the Great Conflict could deliver it.

November 12, Mr. Dodge, Y. M. C. A. speaker, gave one of the outstanding talks of the year. He spoke of the necessity of being physically fit, of being mentally alert, morally clean, and of the help from religious thought and training.

November 19, President of Burdett College, Mr. Risely, explained his "Balance Sheet," and gave the pupils a fine illustration of self analysis.

November 26, Rev. John Dutton spoke fittingly on Thanksgiving, bringing out many facts of the different characters that crossed

the Atlantic in the Mayflower and braved the hazardous winters of New England.

December 10, Mr. Solan, another Y. M. C. A. speaker, was heard. His topic was "Keeping Faith." His idea was that a boy growing up should do what is expected of him.

A CHRISTMAS PLAY

Dicken's "Christmas Carol" dramatized, made one of the most interesting Christmas Assemblies in the history of the school. To the pupils who took part in the play and especially to Miss Ward, who coached the cast, much credit must be given. The cast follows: Ebenezer Scrooge, Robert Purnell; Jacob Marley, the shadow, James Wright; Fred, Scrooge's nephew, Gordon Johnson; Bob Cratchit, Milton Biza; Tiny Tim, Arthur Loomis; Boy, Thomas Voislow; The Ghost of Christmas Past, Barbara Halladay; The Ghost of Christmas Present, Julius Thormeyer; The Ghost of Christmas to Come, Creighton Abrams; Martha, Rita Provost; 2 boys, Marcelle Rioux and Peter Kaskeski; Small Girl, Constance

(Continued on page 29)

Herse

THINGS NEW FASHIONED

New fashioned days, new fashioned ways,
 New fashioned laws and men.
 New fashioned time, along with crime,
 A home just now and then.

The world's a swirl in one mad whirl
 Of fashion, pleasure, speed.
 It's just a race, no days of grace,
 Go-get, and take no heed.

Sensations flare, and headlines glare
 To flatter public slaughter,
 While side by side, all standard grade,
 Walk grand-dame, mother, daughter.
 Sylvia Hunter

"THE LIGHTHOUSE"

Barren rocks and cliffs surround,
 This lighthouse on the sea,
 Where ships come in and ships go out
 With white sails blowing free.

Its beacon sends forth its signal
 On many a stormy night,
 To guide ships home to safety
 By its rays of shining light.

And ever on the black and stormy sea,
 Where the wild waves toss and foam,
 The lighthouse seems a haven safe,
 Guiding its ships safe home.
 Verda Fitzgerald.

THE OLD PATCH QUILT

Many times a weary hand,
 Wrinkled and worn from work,
 Sewed upon the old patch quilt
 A task she would not shirk.

The happiest hours came at night
 When work was put aside;
 For Grandma called her quilting play,
 With lamp-light as a guide.

When Grandpa came from work at night,
 'Twas such a pleasure, there
 To sit and watch those restless hands,
 Which worked with magic care.

And when the quilt was finished
 'Twas used as Grandma's spread;
 But now it lies a relic,
 Each stitch a golden thread.
 Marguerite Naugle

Seedlings

JUNIOR HIGH

THE TRAIL THAT IS NOW A ROAD

The trail is rough, hard and lonely. Bordered on either side by aged trees, it goes from state to state. It is a trail that has seen much travel and has many kinds of foot prints. It first appeared in the year that the settlers came from afar to settle in the fertile valleys of Massachusetts, to Connecticut, to Vermont, to New Hampshire, and to New York.

On a cold day, a tribe of Indians marched single file down this trail that their forefathers had made. Into a village they marched and took children, women and men, and led them away over the trail that is now called Agawam Road.

The trail remembers well when this party passed over it because it was the first time a horse's hoof had been felt. Certainly that horse was punished for its deed when the old trail narrowed and the poor old horse had to be left to shift for himself.

Many a cruel deed was done on the brave old trail that still bears the marks today. It saw a boy and girl, faint with hunger, unable to go on, while the others were scalped and left behind.

Fights were common between the Indian tribes. The old trail belonged to everybody but some one always claimed it as his. Thus many an arrow head may be found on the trail of today.

Then came armies that widened the trail, but left it to the foot messenger or horseback rider to hammer and beat the trail of old into the road of today.

The trees that grew on each side have been cut down and houses have been built.

Today the old trail is a road of cement. Automobiles take the place of horses and foot passengers. Now it is fourteen times wider than it was in the days when the French and Indians used it.

The old trail still sees the fight being carried on. Now it is by the State or Forestry departments. They try to stop fires, and trees from being cut down. The old trail seems to say, "The people go so fast nowadays, I don't get a chance to study their

character as I used to. I see a huge bird that I never saw in the old days, which people call an aeroplane. In the old days, I was neither sick nor down-hearted, but if you walk upon me today you will see that I am patched with tar and divided into spaces. Sand rests on my side and in some place there is a tunnel under me. Oh! I wish I were a trail instead of a road."

James E. Fullum.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

Patty Ellis looked up questioningly. What was Miss Parker saying?

"Patricia Ellis, 'A Toast to the New Girls,'" read Miss Parker clearly. "I hope it won't be too hard, Patty, dear."

Miss Parker's tone had changed now, as she addressed a pretty, fair-haired girl lovingly.

"I am sure it won't," replied Patty in a gay voice.

Miss Parker turned again to her paper. "Rose Gleason—"

It was no longer interesting to Patty, so she sauntered over to her idol and ideal camper, Barbara Roper.

Patricia Ellis was spending the summer at Camp Jordan and Miss Parker had been reading off the speeches for Banquet Night.

That evening under the bed clothes and aided with the rather dim light of a flashlight, Patty started her speech. When it was nearly done she went to sleep resolving to get up in the morning.

For once she was up before the rising bell and the speech was neatly copied for her mother to see when she arrived from New York that afternoon.

It was nearly time for her mother to come! She ran lightly up the stairs to get dressed but when the speech got in her way on the dressing table, she was suddenly seized with an idea.

Capturing a dictionary she started in the long and tedious process of finding the largest words possible and weaving them into her story.

When Mother saw it she approved except

(Continued on page 26)

The Basketball Season

WILLIAM MABB—FLORY COSTA

Monson at Agawam—Dec. 20

Agawam opened its basketball season successfully when it defeated the Monson five 25-8.

Jones was high scorer with eight points. Monson made only two field goals, the other four points were made on foul shots.

Agawam at Ware—Jan. 3

Agawam outplayed Ware on their floor with a score of 24-16.

Arnold was high scorer for the locals with eight points and Cyzpanek of Ware led with ten.

Stafford Springs at Agawam

On January 10, Agawam defeated Stafford Springs without much difficulty.

Wilson netted ten points. Daley and Reynolds each dropped six. The score was 30-14.

Agawam at Palmer—Jan. 17

Agawam had its first hard battle the night it played in the Palmer Gymnasium. The first half was Agawam's without doubt, but the second half was a real struggle on the part of both teams, Palmer netting seven points to Agawam's five.

Daley was the leading scorer with eight points. The final score was Agawam 18, Palmer 12.

Ware at Palmer—Jan. 24

Agawam's second tilt with Ware this season turned out to be another victory for Agawam. Score: Agawam 27, Ware 11.

The high scorers were Reynolds and Cyzpanek with eight points each.

Agawam at Enfield

On January 28, Enfield threatened to defeat the Orange and Brown. For the first half the two teams were neck to neck. The score at the half was Agawam 9, Enfield 7. The last half was a totally different game, for Agawam scored eighteen points to Enfield's three.

"Tex" Wilson led with eleven points. Some of his baskets were truly miraculous. Final score: Agawam 27, Enfield 10.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Agawam at Windsor Locks

On January 2 the Agawam girls opened up their season with a victory, when they met the Windsor Locks girls' team at Windsor Locks.

Grimes was the high scorer, making a total of 19 points. The final score was Agawam 29, Windsor Locks 9.

Huntington at Agawam

The second victory of the season was the result of the Agawam-Huntington game at Agawam, Jan. 10.

Grimes and Costa featured for Agawam and Gabeille featured for Huntington. The final score was 80-15 in Agawam's favor.

Windsor Locks at Agawam

Agawam defeated the Windsor Locks team on January 17, at Agawam. This was their second victory over Windsor Locks.

Grimes and Costa were the high scorers for Agawam and Tracy for Windsor Locks. The score was Agawam 41, Windsor Locks 6.

(Continued on page 28)

Alumni

The marriage of Medora Wilson '24, to Harold B. Curtis of Springfield took place on November 29, 1929.

The announcement of the engagement of Marion Allen '28 to Kenneth M. Pond of Agawam, was a pleasant surprise to all her friends and classmates.

Another recent announcement was that of the engagement of Caroline Novelli '24, to John Vancini of West Springfield.

During the Christmas vacation we had several of the alumni as visitors. Among them were: Nellie White and Ruth Renton, Richard Merrill and Harry Abell, Doris Parker, Thomas Holmes, Gordon Wallace, and Marie Bozenhard.

A recent dispatch from Bay Path Institute informs us that Mary Brusco '28 and Eva Richards '29, are studying conscientiously. Mary is pursuing the Secretarial Course and will soon be graduated. Eva is taking up a Two-Year—Normal Course.

An extraction from a letter from William Butler '28, now studying at Wesleyan College, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

After traveling a few weeks through the Middle Western States, my brother and I came through Peoria and at last we crossed over to Mt. Pleasant.

The upper class men of the college were on hand to give us a royal greeting. When they heard we were from the East, and it did not take long for them to find out by our speech, they punished us with all sorts of things 'til the old handle of the pump broke. Oh, they were a jolly bunch. Especially during frat rushing season. But I must say their breezy ways and whole hearted spirit continues up to date.

Wesleyan College has students both men and women. Its buildings are large and convenient and its campus is in good condition and was improved during the year.

Our professors know their subjects and are on their job. Outside of four class room studies and laboratory experiments, of which

I have several hours, I have found the football squad a bunch of fine fellows. They are so husky and well-trained that they make a fine looking team.

The Glee Club is also a pleasant side issue for me. I greatly enjoy taking part in *The Messiah*, at Christmas time.

Signa Phi Epsilon is my fraternity and I board at its house this year.

For a little exercise with some money behind it, I have the position as a waiter at a local restaurant and do odd jobs here and there.

As ever,

Bill Butler.

Teachers

Mr. and Mrs. Williams utilized the Christmas recess to unusual advantage by cruising to the West Indies. They sailed on the "*Kungsholm*," which is the new motor liner on the Swedish-American Line.

The itinerary included Kingston, Jamaica; Cartagena, Colombia; Colon and Panama City, Panama; Havana, Cuba and Nassau.

At Havana, through the courtesy of the Cuban Department of Education, Mr. Williams had the opportunity of making a brief survey of their school system.

Jamaica was selected as the most delightful island visited.

The announcement of the engagement of a former Agawam High School teacher, Miss Edith Best who is now teaching at Technical High School, to Farquar Wells Smith of Northampton, was a pleasant surprise to all her friends and former pupils. Mr. Smith is the brother of our own Miss Eleanor Smith of Agawam High School. Miss Best taught science subjects during the four years of her stay in our school.

On December 29, 1929, Mrs. Mary Stout, formerly Miss Mary Pierce, received congratulations on the birth of a son, Robert Pierce Stout, Jr. Mrs. Stout was a popular teacher of Art at Agawam for five years.

Mae Novelli.

Exchanges

LIKE LACES IN A RARE OLD CHEST

The Scroll, St. Ursula's Academy, Toledo, Ohio. "Sir Edwinne's Quest" by Mary C. Lorentz: A fragment of fine old Alencon is this lovely tale of a round table knight's love for a faire lady.

The Gleam, John A. Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minnesota. "Fantasie" by Elizabeth Butler is frankly as dainty as Valencennes. We enjoyed this flight of imagination very much.

Homespun, Senior High School, Greensboro, N. C. Ah, we find a bit of lovely shadow lace in the *Homespun*. It is "A Modern Miracle," by Ed. Michaels.

The Mirror, Huntington High School, Huntington, L. I. "The Ghost Ship," a bit of Honiton, is fascinating.

Said & Done, Muskegon Senior High School, Muskegon, Michigan. A bit of rare Cluny is "Rick's Solution," by Ambrose Bush

Drury Academe, Drury High School, North Adams, Mass. And here's a piece of Baby Irish from some childhood dress—"The Little Me of Yesterday," by Eleanor E. Turst.

The Mercury, West Springfield High School, West Springfield, Mass. "Desire," by Thomas Kennedy might be honored by being called Filet, as it is really very lovely.

The Retina, Morrison R. Waite High School, Toledo, Ohio. Your exchanges were very interestingly handled in your Elizabethan Number. Your cover was artistic and most appropriate.

Tiger Tales, Senior High School, Orlando, Florida. Your "Expert Marksmen" Idea was good. It made us read what we mightn't have read otherwise.

The Forge, University School, Cincinnati, Ohio. Book Themes is very, very good and oh, so true! Why do you commence with smooth paper and continue with rough? The rough would go best with your striking cover.

The High School Herald, Westfield High School, Westfield, Mass. We glory in the fine, free swing of "Peter Pan," by Alice M. Davis.

Lasell Leaves, Lasell Seminary, Boston, Mass. Better look out or your "Exchanges" will get lost "Under the Leaves." Your small cuts are good, but they're rather scarce.

Humboldt Life, Humboldt High School, St. Paul, Minnesota. Your cartoons are good; so are your headings; and your cover is stunning.

The Mangrove, St. John's College, British Honduras. "Our Prayer," by Joseph Petion is very beautiful.

Reflector, Weymouth High School, Weymouth, Mass. Your literary and athletic headings are unusual and have a distinction all their own. But why use the same old stock headings?

The Red & Blue, St. Joseph's High School, Manchester, N. H. Your ornamental initial letters lend distinction to your magazine.

The Alligator, Ware High School, Ware, Mass. We like your linoleum print very much.

Enfield Echo, Enfield Public High School, Thompsonville, Conn. We suggest that you comment on your exchanges rather than merely list them.

The Student, Holmes High School, Covington, Ky. Your club news is interesting to outsiders.

The Early Trainer, Essex County Training School, Lawrence, Mass. Your "Literary" cut is very good.

The Microscope, German Township High School, McLellandtown, Pa. From the *Microscope* we quote:

What we call Luck is simply Pluck,
And the doing things over and over,
Courage and Will, Perseverance and Skill,
Are the four leaves of Luck's clover.

The Distaff, Girl's High School, Boston, Mass. Your "Happenings Column," has a clever cut. So has "Library Beacon." We're glad to see you've cut the stock headings.

Hi-News. Where are you from? You're cartoons are amusing.

Sylvia Hunter.



The Cheapest Way

Bodman: "Mr. Hadley did you ever take a trip on a Savannah Liner?"

Mr. Hadley: "No, I can't say I ever did."

Daley: "Oh! he means over the radio."

He Would

Senior: "What's the meaning of eccentric?"

K. Brown: "A little off center."

Who Borrowed the Soap.

Question: "Why is it that when a fellow is sweating, and jumps into a pool of water, that the water doesn't run into his pores?"

Bright Student: "Dirt keeps the water out."

Revenge Is Sweet

Mr. Hadley pumping air from a jar while the class was doing the looking on, was heard to exclaim, "Gee, but all you fellows like to see me work."

Bodman: "Sure, that's how we get our revenge."

Absent Minded

Did anyone see Miss Button walking up stairs to her room with her tray, after she had eaten her lunch? We wonder how many trays she has in her collection by now.

100 Per Cent

Question: "What kind of hair has an Airdale got?"

Voice from rear: "Dog hair."

How Does He Know

Teacher: "Give a definition of blizzard?"

Pupil half asleep: "The inside of a chicken."

Disadvantages of City Life

The city man only knows that a cow has horns.

Corrected Sentence

The city man knows that a cow has only horns.

A Pressing Change

Punk: "Hey! Jerry you're sitting on my lunch."

Jerry: "What did you have for lunch?"

Punk: "I had minced ham."

Jerry: "Sorry but I think its pressed ham now."

The Wrong Picture

Mr. Hadley (in physics): "Any base ball pitchers around here?"

J. C.: "Sure there's lots of pictures in the library."

Who Has It

Carrol (in physics): "Mr. Hadley can I have a short meter stick? The Editor of this department will give him a four foot yard stick, if he wishes to use it."

And How!

Bill: "Say, Jack did you know that I am getting married?"

Jack: "Well, you don't say."

Bill: "Yes, I saw her father last nite, and he asked what I did for a living, well I told him that I was a radio announcer."

Jack: "What did he say then?"

Bill: "He said, 'Take her boy, you're the only one who ever said good night and meant it.'"

TEST FOR THE INTELLIGENTSIA

1. How many presidents of the U. S. were born in Massachusetts?
2. What two important offices has Calvin Coolidge held in our Commonwealth?
3. With what water inhabitant is our state usually identified?
4. How old was Plymouth, Mass., 300 years ago?
5. What two religious sects settled in Massachusetts 300 years ago?
6. Which star in the flag of U. S. represents Massachusetts?
7. Name five wars since 1774 in which Massachusetts' sons have taken part
8. Name two important first settlers of Springfield
9. What was the principal Massachusetts regiment in the World War?
10. What instruments did they use to tell time by in 1630?
11. For how many years was what is now known as Springfield called the plantation of Agawan?
12. Name Paul Revere's occupation
13. Where did they fire the "shot heard 'round the world."
14. Name two Massachusetts capes
15. What is the principal agriculture product in Cape Cod?

Answers on page 28

(Continued from page 21)

for the big words. "They're too long and most of the girls won't know what you mean," she said.

Patty, however, was bent on the big words, so her Mother did not urge her to use the small ones.

The banquet night arrived with all its beauty and splendor.

Patty was at the height of her gaiety and it was amusing to see her chatter so happily while the others sat in agony, awaiting the time for their speech.

Patty, with ears for everything suddenly held her head cocked to one side. What was that?

"Patty is quite attractive tonight, isn't she?"

Patty glanced at the speaker and it was—her idol!

Barbara interpreting the look mumbled, "Keep your ears closed for once."

Finally the time came for the little cups of grape-juice to be passed around. Patty was extremely happy and as a sudden qualm of fear surged through, she rallied underneath the quietness of Barbara's smile.

"—and so I conclude with the wish that I may come to Camp Jordan next year."

After a certain amount of applause, Miss Parker arose, "I certainly hope you will be with us next year, Fredice, and now will ask Patty to give us, "The Toast to the New Girls."

Patty flushed brightly and stood up. A few stammered words and then a painful silence. She had forgotten her speech! She searched her mind and vocabulary but she could remember nothing. She fell faintly into her chair.

It was 11.30 and Barbara stepped softly into Patty's room.

A shake! A sob! A convulsive shudder and then silence.

"Patty, dear," began Barbara.

"Hush, she's just dropping off," said a strangely soft voice.

Barbara put on her flashlight.

"She's been terribly sick and wouldn't let me call Miss Parker," said Rose Gleason, Patty's roommate. "I'm so worried about her and I'm wondering if I should tell Miss Parker just the same."

"No! No! No!" nearly screamed Patty.

"Hush, dear, it's all right. We won't."

"Bobby! Bobby!"

Barbara soon had the girl quieted and extracted the story in an efficient, kind, firm way.

Patty had been embarrassed to the last degree and was ashamed to face the girls!

"We'll fix it some way," said Barbara in a business-like way.

"Really," said Patty taking some interest. But at the next sentence her hopefulness lagged.

"You can make another in assembly tomorrow." Barbara was planning swiftly. "I'll arrange it with Gert Purseglove."

"Don't think of it ahead of time. Just think of it as you go along and make it as simple as possible," advised Rose.

Patty dropped to sleep with a suddenness which surprised Barbara and alarmed Rose.

When she awoke she felt strangely calm.

She was very sedate and conservative at the breakfast and many of the girls noticed it but said nothing.

In assembly that morning she gave her speech and afterwards stated the facts of the evening before with a simplicity which was so strange for Patty.

When she was through, Barbara came to her and they linked arms chummily. As they walked away there floated on the silent morning air the strains of a song, sung only to the most popular girls in camp.

Patty Ellis! Patty Ellis!

We are singing, praises ringing.

We will never find your equal.

Patty Ellis! Here's to you. Rah! Rah!

And Patty remarked when the dingle ceased, "Mother knows best."

Elizabeth Bloom, 8-1.

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And watching the children frolic and play,
In the tall, brown grass of the meads.

Traveling that Old Bay Road,
By a moon and starlit night;
Oh! to travel on that self same road
With only the moon for a light.

Mae Novelli.

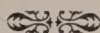
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Answers to the Questions on Page 26

1. John Adams and John Quincy Adams.
2. Governor and Lieutenant Governor.
3. Codfish.
4. Ten years.
5. Puritans and Pilgrims.
6. Sixth from left, first row from top.
7. Revolutionary, 1812, Civil, Spanish-American, World.
8. Pynchon, Chapin.
9. 104th.
10. Watches were used in the sixteenth century.
11. Four.
12. Goldsmith.
13. Bridge at Concord River.
14. Cape Ann and Cape Cod.
15. Cranberries.

The correct solution to the puzzle picture given in the November issue of the *Agawam Mirror* is as follows:

Basket instead of goal post; division lines unequal; there isn't any referee; there isn't any ball; more men on one team than on the other; goal post should be at end of field.

Miss M. A. Edgell won the prize, a book of verse, for the best solution submitted.

(Continued from page 22)

West Hartford at Agawam

The most interesting game of the season took place on January 22, when Agawam was defeated by West Hartford girls from the American School for the Dumb.

Grimes and Jones starred for Agawam, and Harris for the visitors. The final score was Agawam 22, American School for the Dumb 24.

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(Continued from page 19)

LaVoie; Mrs. Cratchit, Ola Campbell; Ali Baba, Charles Hamblen; Robinson Crusoe, Lionel Belcher; Girl, Florence Bradford.

HONORS AND REWARDS

On December 12, 1929 typewriting awards were given out. The prizes were certificates for 25 words per minute for 15 consecutive minutes, silver and bronze pins for 40 words per minute, and gold pins for 50 and 60 words per minute.

The Agawam High School boys in 4H Club Work are bringing more honors to their school each year. The vegetable judging team recently won first place in a contest held at Massachusetts Agricultural College. A ribbon went to Leroy Fournier for judging apples.

Elbert Jenkins was awarded a silver medal at a meeting held in Worcester, Massachusetts. Elbert was pronounced the out-standing member in the State for general 4H club work.

At a recent meeting of the Kiwanis Club in the Hotel Kimball in Springfield, Mass., Chester Pilch was presented with a silver medal for winning the county poultry championship in poultry judging. Chester, in a five minute talk, related his experience in 4H club work at this meeting. Henry Benoit was also given a silver medal for his work in the pig club.

REPORT CARDS

At the end of the second marking period a long list of pupils were on the honor roll. The Freshman class had 13% on this list, the Sophomores 19%. The Juniors 38%, and the Seniors 42%.

SOCIAL LIFE

Thursday evening, December 19, 1929. the annual Junior-Senior Kid Party was held. The pupils of both classes drew names and they were requested to bring inexpensive gifts to those whose names they had picked. Beneath a large Christmas tree, the gifts were given out by Gordon Johnson, dressed as Santa Claus. Refreshments and dancing followed. It was a merry party.

Correct

Question: "Why is there water in a water melon?"

Answer: "Because it's planted in the spring."

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(Continued from page 17)

via Northampton. Hadley is an exceedingly interesting old town. Its first two streets were West and Middle Streets respectively. There is a traditional feud which has lasted even to the present day between the people of these two streets. It came to exist thus: The people of Middle Street had built a new church but lacked a steeple to put on it. They had formerly belonged to the West Street Church and had contributed to its support, so they felt that they owned a part of the church. Accordingly, one night, a band of Middle Street men quietly detached the steeple of the West Street church which had a gilded rooster on the top of the steeple and placed steeple, rooster, and all in a position to adorn their new church. The tombstones in the old cemetery bear odd descriptions such as this:

"As I am now, so shall you be
Prepare for death and follow me."

On the site of the first parsonage, a tablet has been erected in commemoration of the appearance of the "Angel of Hadley" who was, of course, one of the renegade judges who sentenced Charles I of England to death. He had long been concealed in Parson Russell's cellar.

On the same day a trip to nearby Old Deerfield should be made. The town presents today a view of calm peace. But not always has it been thus, for in its broad, green meadows, many bloody battles were fought in colonial days. The foremost of these is the one which occurred on September 18, 1765. A certain Captain Lathrop, accompanied by a band of valiant youths, was advancing to Hatfield Meadows. On the way, the men stopped to pick some clusters of the luscious grapes nearby. Suddenly, a fierce war whoop resounded through the air. In the battle which ensued, the Meadow brook was drenched with blood from whence it derived its name, "Bloody Brook." To commemorate this battle, a monument called the "Bloody Brook Monument" has been raised. In the Memorial Hall are innumerable objects of interest. One of these is what is called the door of the "Old Indian House." This door was unsuccessfully hacked by the Indians.

If one has not the leisure to visit these places, "Old Boston Post Road" by Jenkins, "Historic Towns of New England," by Powell, and "History of the Connecticut Valley" by L. H. Everts are recommended.

George E. Paro

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Agawam

(Continued from page 9)

walked toward her home, leaving the astonished Cable standing alone where she had left him. After several moments, he too, walked toward his cabin. Poor John! Until Anne's father had voiced his fear to John after the church services about his daughter, John had never realized that Anne might disapprove of going to a new home. But he could not stay behind. He must not give up his dream of new conquests. Why, he must choose between Anne and his ambition!

In the meantime, Anne's parents had reached their home and were discussing the unexpected attitude of their daughter Anne.

"Wife," Mr. Mitchell was saying, "I have thought very sincerely regarding our daughter. John and I agree that if she so dislikes this country, she should not be forced to stay. If she is a true pioneer, she will remain; but if she is not a true pioneer she must go back to England. Anne shall decide her own fate tonight."

Mrs. Mitchell nodded silently, almost sobbingly.

"If Anne decides to leave us," he continued, saddened at the thought, "she may leave on the next boat. The mail is due on the same day that we leave. She could go to Boston with the mail coach, leave on the first boat which is due in two weeks, and when she arrives at England can go to my sister's home. Jane always wanted to keep Anne with her. I feel sorry for young Cable for he is really a fine young man, but he too agrees that this is the best."

"Yes," his wife agreed, "John is a fine man and he really cares for Anne."

The discussion went no farther, for the door opened and Anne entered.

"Father," Anne announced, "John and I are not going to be married. I am going to go back to England as soon as I can."

"Very well, daughter. You have my permission. You may go to your Aunt Jane's home in Dorchester," he replied calmly.

"Why, father, I did not suppose that you would consent to my leaving you!" Anne's voice showed her sudden surprise.

"Daughter, we do not want you to leave us but if you would be happier there, we will not hinder your happiness. Furthermore, we want no laggards in this new country." This he added with emphasis.

(Continued on page 33)

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MAIN STREET

Agawam

(Continued from page 31)

Thus it was settled, and yet Anne was still unhappy as she lay in her bed that night. She would have to go alone across the sea to Dorchester, England. But after that would be with Aunt Jane in a beautiful home. This picture of comfort consoled her for a while but her thoughts returned to father, mother, and Mary and John.

Tomorrow, just a few hours more and they would separate. Why could they not all stay together? It was not her fault if she hated the wilderness.

Her mother and father had appeared happy to Anne. But Anne did not know that even now as they sat before the fireplace her father was very, very sad and her mother was sobbing in her apron.

"Do not weep, wife," Mr. Mitchell was saying, patting his wife's arm. "Anne will not leave us. I still believe her to be a true pioneer." But the mother was not to be comforted.

Anne still believed her parents to be happy at leaving Roxbury for a new country. She was still pondering on these thoughts when suddenly her mind turned to John. Why, she was to have married him that very afternoon, and she had refused. Why she must see him in the morning and tell him that they would be married, but John had said he was leaving Roxbury very early in the morning. He would never be back to see her again! Oh, well, she could not go west with him and he would not stay east with her. Finally she fell into a troubled sleep.

The pioneers were anxious to leave Roxbury—the sooner the better—they believed. Soon after nine o'clock they were prepared to leave their old homes. The Mitchells were so busy with last minute preparations and instructions to their people, that they had little time to talk to Anne. Anne accepted this stoically and she, too, kept her own feelings concealed, by speaking only when spoken to.

Those people who were to remain in Roxbury walked to the edge of the woods with their departing neighbors. Anne was bade goodbye in the same manner as were all the colonists. No tears were shed by the Mitchells, for the father had given orders that Anne was to see no regrets which they might have at their separation.

(Continued on page 34)

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(Continued from page 33)

They rode away quickly and were soon lost in the dense woods. A great pang went through Anne as she saw them disappear. Mother, father, sister, all appeared happy. Had she done wrong in not going with them? Why, no, of course not. She dismissed that thought almost savagely as she started back to the village with her neighbor, Mrs. Ames, with whom she was to stay until the mail came and she should go with the carrier to the coast.

"Well, they are gone," said Mrs. Ames, "I should have liked very much to have gone too, but with a tiny baby and a sick husband, I didn't feel that I could. Oh, to be able to go and help settle a new town!" And she sighed audibly at the thought.

Did she really mean it, wondered Anne. She seemed to. But why should she want to go? Everyone but Anne seemed to want to move onward. Oh, never mind she was going to Dorchester. But the thought of that name failed to thrill her now.

"Come Anne, we must see that your old house is ready for the Shaws. They are moving in tonight, you know," Mrs. Ames reminded her.

Oh, yes, her old home, the best built cabin in Roxbury was to be taken this very night. She entered the silent house, no longer a home, and looked around. The smaller articles had been taken by her mother, the bowls, wooden spoons, the old buckets, even the spinning wheel which had been the best in Roxbury had been taken to their new home.

Little was said until they had locked the door and proceeded to the neighbor's house. Anne was beginning to be very lonely. Mrs. Ames noticed this and tried to cheer her. "Anne we must hurry. The mail will come most any minute. You have your box packed haven't you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Ames. But I am not so sure, but I wish that it was not. Somehow, I don't feel that life in Aunt Jane's house will be so happy after all. She lives all alone in a huge house, you know," said Anne, the tiniest bit tearful.

"Why Anne, you want to go to Dorchester do you not? You do not like this country, so it is better you were not here," the neighbor replied.

"I dislike America, but I would dislike England more without my family and my

friends," Anne commented, the tears starting in her eyes.

Mrs. Ames left her at that and went to the well to fetch some water. Anne left to herself began to reason with herself. Why did she want to go to England, why across the sea? Oh, nothing but for a silly vanity of her own. And her own folks, her mother, her father, Mary, and John. She was going to leave them just to start something new for herself. Why she was a laggard! So independent and yet so very dependent. But it would do no good to grieve now. They had gone. She was going to England. She actually shuddered at the thought of that name. A final realization came to her. She would never again be happy, until she saw her dearest friends again. She broke down and sobbed until Mrs. Ames returning, tried to comfort her, but it was futile.

A sharp rap at the door started both women.

"Will you go Anne?" asked Mrs. Ames who was now kneading bread.

Quickly Anne wiped her eyes and slowly went to the door.

"Oh!" she exclaimed as she opened it, for there stood John Cable.

"Anne, are you ready to come with me?" he asked, searching her face.

"John, do you mean it? I thought you were never coming back again," she cried quickly and joyfully.

"Did you think I could leave you here, my dear? I knew that some day you would want to go West because you really are a pioneer maid you know," he added.

"Yes, John. Once a pioneer—always a pioneer, I believe that now. John, can we catch up with the others? I want to go quickly, as soon as we can."

"We will meet them in the wilderness at their first encampment," he replied.

"No longer does the wilderness hold terrors for me for if others can bear them, I can. Besides I shall be with mother, father, Mary, and you," she answered happily.

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